

A photograph of a woman's back, seen from behind. She has blonde hair and is wearing a black and white plaid shirt that is draped over her shoulders. Her hands are resting on her upper back. She is also wearing a black lace-trimmed strapless top with a large black bow at the back. The background is plain white.

# Felicity Jones

DEE DAWNING

*New Dawning Books*

# *New Dawning International Bookfair*

## Felicity Jones

A Ménage Romance by Dee Dawning

Copyright © 2010 Dee Dawning

### Chapter One

"It isn't premarital sex if you have no intention of getting married."

- Drew Carey

**"L**or-rd have mercy. Ain't she something."

Adam knew immediately of whom Devon's deep voice spoke and his glance down the rows of tiered seats to the entrance of the quick filling lecture hall confirmed it. It was her...the cock tease to end all cock teases, Felicity Jones, dressed as usual, to kill, in her Saks Fifth Avenue winter college sophomore splendor. Today, her long blond hair was up, with curls high on her head perfectly coiffured with two strategic ringlets trailing down each cheek, affording her the appearance of an innocent adolescent.

Yes, she appeared innocent, even virginal, but he suspected she was far from innocent. Nothing he could put his finger on it, but something told him if he was ever fortunate enough to get in her pants, she'd show him a few things he didn't already know.

Her shocking blue eyes panned the hall and he watched. When her eyes met his, she scrunched her nose as if detecting an unpleasant odor. *Isn't she something?* Heading to the center aisle and looking up at them, she fashioned her most innocent Mona Lisa smile as her foot rose and stepped on the first stair tread.

His head shook in disbelief. *God, she's hot.* There ought to be a law against looking that good. So good that guys like him obsess over her day and *night*.

He'd like to wring her neck. No, what he really wanted was to stick his hard cock in her mouth and cum down her throat. Then he'd like to fuck her.

From the first time he laid eyes on her, he wanted to fuck her.

Mesmerized, he watched her fine legs step one foot after the other as she ascended the stairs. She looked good enough to eat in her skimpy low hung plaid mini-skirt, showing off her sensuous perfectly rounded midriff from mound to bosom. A white blouse, tied under her breasts, calf high, black suede leather

boots and a black sweater the arms of which tied around her neck, completed her seductive outfit.

Devon chuckled and nudged him. "I ask you, is the girl half dressed or half naked?"

He chuckled. "I'm an optimist. She's half naked."

Devon laughed. "I agree. The way she dresses makes poor hapless dudes like us hunger to see the part we can't see, but only imagine."

"True brother, but when I see her at night in my bed, she ain't hiding anything." They high fived each other and laughed.

Devon and he met two and a half years ago and gravitated to each other immediately. That's why they decided to room together off campus. Oh yeah, Devon would like to fuck Felicity, too. Then again what unattached, red blooded, heterosexual, American male on campus wouldn't. She was a sexy thang and she knew it, parading around her sensuous half naked body with her pearl pendant dangling from her navel and a sexy fleur de lis tattoo surrounding it.

Devon nudged him. "She looks doubly delectable today. And with that smile, especially mischievous," He added.

Adam hitched his head to their left. "Yeah she does, let's move into the aisle so she can't miss us."

"Good idea." As they slid out to the aisle, Devon waved and yelled, "Fellie."

\* \* \* \*

*God. How many times do I have to tell those idiots, I hate that name?* Shaking her head to show her displeasure, she glanced up. Wonderful, they stood in the aisle, attracting attention, like clowns in the circus. Now, she'll have to squeeze past them, while they grope her ass and tits. Why does she put up with them?

*You know why.*

She gazed up at them and flashed a superficial smile. They were young and immature, but they were pretty – like heavenly eye candy. And if she was honest, fun to be around, despite the acerbic verbal jousting that had developed between her and Adam.

Ummm, Adam, six foot, brown eyes with thick brows, curly black locks partly over his ears and neck, pouty thin lips, straight nose and overall model looks and Devon, six-two, African American, with warm brown eyes and short, but not too short hair. His wiry frame displayed his athleticism and his face was beautifully exotic.

Pausing five steps below, she studied them as they did her. Their eyes focused on her cleavage, giving her the uneasy feeling of someone who was about to be mauled, and both of them had bulging crotches – *are they always hard?*

Devon led off, "You look especially fetching today."

They seemed to be waiting for her usual rejoinder and she didn't disappoint. "Fetching? What are you calling me a dog? Here Felicity, go fetch. Good girl Felicity."

She didn't know if Devon blushed, but he seemed to turn darker than his usual medium brown tone – and redder.

Adam laughed. "Fellie, you know damned well what fetching means. We both wouldn't mind petting you though."

She stuck out her tongue and flipped him a bird.

His fabulous lips pursed to the side. "You're such a...*cunt*."

That was a low blow, past the rules of sporting repartee. "Fuck you, Adam and fuck you too Devon. What are you, morons? How many times do I have to tell you, I don't like to be called Fellie."

A sinful smile formed on Adam's gorgeous lips. "Wouldn't that be something, huh Dev? Giving Fellie *felicity* from both ends. Me pounding her tonsils while you slam her sweet cunt!"

Felicity feigned anger, but wasn't even offended. What's wrong with this picture? The prudent reaction would have been to pretend indifference. The normal reaction would have been genuine fury. Instead her stomach twisted into knot, her heart raced, a flash of heat coursed through her and a tingly wet lust manifested between her legs. She actually visualized the scenario he'd outlined – Adam fucking her mouth while Devon slammed her smooth, wet snatch. A spark of panic raced through her from her lascivious images.

Rushing up the stairs, she eased past the unmoving principles of her wayward vision as they groped her. She couldn't help but notice that everyone she passed grinned with obvious amusement. Not unexpected, Devon ran his hand under her skirt, snapped her lacy pink panties and zaid, "Zowee," while, Adam's hands grazed over both breasts, asking, "Are you wearing a bra?"

*Become a seductress. Do something blatantly suggestive.*

To everyone's shock, including her own, she pulled her right breast from its white cotton enclosure and offered him a lick. "Wanna taste?"

Adam stood frozen, wide eyed and open mouthed, and did nothing.

"Humph." After fifteen seconds of stunned silence, she slipped her breast back, continued up the stairs toward the back of the hall, where she normally sat, and razzed him over her shoulder, "Just like I thought, all talk and...no action."

\* \* \* \*

*Ooh, that hurt.*

Everyone, close enough to watch and hear what went on laughed.

Usually, after Felicity ran their personal gauntlet, he and Devon would let her get ahead of them so they could watch her fabulous ass swaying back and forth with each shift of her weight as she ascended the stairs. Then on the fortunate times, like today, when she wore a mini-skirt they bent low and scoped

out her panties of the day. But not today. This time when he turned and watched that sexy little ass sashay up the stairs, Adam became livid. *The fuckin' little bitch.* He didn't take kindly to being laughed at.

He sucked in a breath and raked both hands through his locks. Why didn't he suck her big, juicy tit? He'd had wet dreams of sucking on her tits. She surprised him. It was so enticing and so unexpected he froze.

Even his best friend, Devon laughed, before calling after Felicity, suggesting, "Hey baby, come back here and see what I do." Excitedly, he turned to Adam. "Did you see that boob? Wasn't that the most perfect hooter you ever saw?"

*Rub it in why don't you.* If breasts can be beautiful, it was gorgeous and he blew it. If he didn't rectify the situation and save face, he might spend the rest of his life regretting it. But he only had today. Today was the last day of the semester and who knew if she'd ever be in a class of his again. They weren't exactly on friendly terms, he calling her a bitch and cunt and so forth. It's not like he could ask her — *by the way are you taking this or that, next semester* — and he certainly couldn't ask for her phone number. Could he?

Taking three steps at a time he dashed up the stairs to the last row, with Devon following him. At the top, he turned left and edged down the aisle until his Dockers rested against the sex goddesses' world class legs.

\* \* \* \*

Watching them out of the corner of her eye, she pretended to not see them, even though they always followed her up there and like bookends, sat on each side of her. With Adam standing next to her, hulking over her, contemplating her, she began to have ambivalent sexual feelings, again.

Her mind slipped back an hour ago, to the conversation she'd had with her friend Julie in the cafeteria.

"Julie, can I ask you a personal question?"

She finished sipping her iced tea and set it down. "Of course. What are friends for."

"Have you ever had sex with someone who appealed to you, just to see what it felt like — to see if he was as good as he looked?"

She shook her head. "I haven't but, but it's funny you should ask that. Last year before I transferred here, when my then roommate's brother visited, I really wanted to. Fel, he was like Johnny Depp and Brad Pitt rolled into one. I wanted to fuck him and my roommate wanted me to fuck him, but I chickened. I still think about it. Why didn't I do it? If nothing else it would have been a great memory. I do know lots of girls that have, though."

"Were they pleased, disappointed, blasé. What was it like? Would they do it again?"

"It varies, but mostly they were pleased. Some of the guys became boyfriends and one I know married a guy she hooked up with in a singles bar."

Felicity grew excited. "Sex with a stranger. Sounds yummy. The excitement of the unknown."

She tilted her head and dipped her brows a bit. "Why, do you have some heartthrob pulling your strings?"

"Yes, two, actually. I don't know if you know my situation, but I'm engaged to my senior year high school sweetheart. Even though I'd been sexually active before going with him, I've remained faithful to him and we're supposed to get married when he gets out of school. Unfortunately, Everett decided to attend Party U., two thousand miles away, in California, while I, out of necessity, attend good ole State U. Last year was no problem, but things are different this year. I only slept with a handful of boys before I met Everett, and no one since. I didn't think I wanted to, but now, I'm having second thoughts."

Julie looked each way, then back at Felicity. "How so?"

Felicity eased closer to Julie. "Among other things, two bonafide hunks in my psychology class. From day one they fixated on me, one of them sitting on each side, ogling me, making smartass remarks and uttering sexy double entendres, especially the one named Adam. At first I liked the attention. All the girls in the class are jealous and snippy, because they ignore them. However, as the semester rolled on, despite their elementary school antics, I grew to like them. Now, by the time class is over each day I'm wet between my legs and I actually have dreams about them. Sensual, sexy dreams, if you know what I mean."

She took a bite of a French fry. "Oh yeah. I get the picture."

Felicity shook her head. "The only thing that kept me from acting on my feelings was my fiancé, Everett. But lately I've been wondering about his fidelity. His emails have become shorter and farther in between. The first year he came home a couple times and we...you know, but this year he hasn't bothered. Julie, I haven't had *real* sex in four and a half months—"

Julie scrunched her mouth into a terrible grimace. "Oooh! Sorry, go on."

"A couple weeks ago, I decided to try one of them. Not just to go to bed, but just to see if there was anything beside attraction—if we could have fun together. I didn't care which one, I just wanted one of them to take me out, have a good time and see what happened. But they didn't ask me, and now the semester's over. Today is the last class and I may never get the chance to go out with them again. Do you have any ideas?"

Julie waggled her eyebrows, "Do I know these guys?"

"I don't know. One is Devon Thomas and the other is Adam Fairchild."

She frowned. "Of course I know Devon Thomas, he's the point guard on the basketball team. He plays football too, if I'm not mistaken. I know who Adam is too." She shook her hands as if she burnt them on something. "Talk about hot, they are both 'bob' material."

She glanced around and continued in *sotto voce*, "It sounds as if they dig you, but your behavior has been standoffish. It's too late for your personality to change into the sweet girl next door type, so you're going to have to stay with what got you here and become a seductress."

Felicity leaned in, opened her eyes wide and dipped her brows. "What do you mean?"

Her hands moved excitedly as she talked. "Do something blatantly suggestive. Something that will center their mind where you want it."

Now, Felicity glanced around before she asked under her breath, "Do you think it would be all right if I took one of them to bed, considering I'm technically engaged?"

Julie pursed her lips. "You and I both know you're only engaged if you want to be and women do it all the time."

"Good, I'm going back to the dorm and change into something sexier, before class...and I know just the outfit."

Adam's face was red. "Excuse me, Fellie-e-e, are you ignorant or are you trying to piss me off?"

She could probably ignore him, but he was already angry and that would be counter-productive. She glanced up, but her effusive smile was met by an angry scowl. "Sorry, I was daydreaming." After twinning her legs, she turned them to the side.

Adam edged by her and said with all the sarcasm he could muster. "It's about time — *bitch!*" In one motion, he reclined into the compact desk and rested his left hand on her bare thigh.

The heat she felt was palpable. Her stomach did the dipsy do and her heart plunged ahead about ten miles over the speed limit, but she remained quiet.

Professor Slater followed the last few stragglers in and closed the door. He walked to the lectern and shading his eyes with the palm of his hand, looked out over the gathering. "Looks like a good turnout, even though it won't affect your grade one way or the other. Thank you. I have something planned I hope you will enjoy. We're going to watch the psychological thriller..."

\* \* \* \*

Adam studied her. He just knew she knew it as she primped and preened. He was getting harder, if that was possible, merely watching her. No bitch had ever pushed his buttons like she did. Sitting there half dressed, like a preppy's wet dream, she was the consummate cock tease. He wouldn't be surprised if she had never had a bone up her cunt. Naw, he knew better. Under that poised staid exterior was a firecracker, ready to explode. All he had to do was light the fuse.

He'd wanted to hold and kiss her from the first second he saw her. He wanted to get lost in her breasts and suck on her nipples. Now, he had a

compulsion to take off her skimpy skirt and blouse and run his moist tongue up and down her body from her gorgeous mouth to her wiggling toes. What toes she had. He loved it when she wore open toed shoes. And her feet, ankles, calves...all perfect.

To his everlasting regret, he'd started the taunting. He couldn't help it. It was either tease her or fuck her. There was no in between. At least he got a kick out of watching the little spitfire explode, periodically. God she was beautiful when her jaw tightened and her nostrils flared in fury. And the fire in her eyes...oh my was that something to behold.

Unfortunately, he didn't know how much more he could take. He was ready to explode, something had to give.

When the professor's voice finally overrode the amatory fog his mind had slipped into, he heard him say, "'Silence of the Lambs,' I hope you enjoy the movie." Upon that note, the professor nodded to the projector operator, walked to the door and flicked off all banks of lights.

## Chapter Two

"From the moment I was six, I felt sexy. And let me tell you it was hell, sheer hell, waiting to do something about it. – *Bette Davis*

He was in the dark. She was in the dark. *They* were in the *dark*. He couldn't see much of her – only a vague silhouette lit from second hand light reflected from the movie, but...he could smell her. More than ever, he could smell her. Her flower scented cologne, her bath wash and her se-x-x. God, all his senses now channeled through his nose and he could actually smell her *cunt* – from three feet away, her beautiful, he just knew, smooth cunt. God, it smelled delicious. The fragrance reminded him of slightly burnt roasted almonds. He knew, given the opportunity, he could lie in front of her sweet pussy and dine on it all day.

Too excited for words, he suddenly felt a constriction in his throat and could barely breathe. He forced himself to breathe hard and the burnt roasted almond bouquet that wafted into his lungs relaxed his throat.

He admired her beautiful silhouette as she watched the movie. Had anyone in the history of man since time immemorial, ever wanted a woman more? Could Romeo have wanted Juliet more? Could Marc Anthony have wanted Cleopatra more? Napoleon and Marie Antoinette? Solomon and Sheba? No! No fucking way!

He took a deep breath and savored her pussy. Then another and another. Soon he was mad with lust.

"Adam, please be quiet. You're making too much noise. What are you grunting and groaning for?"

*If you only knew, my 'USDA Choice' piece of flesh. What's the warm, smooth, silky object my hand is resting on?* He glanced down and realized his hand rested on her pale thigh – only inches from her delicious smelling *cunt*. Then he noticed almost everyone had moved closer to the screen to watch the movie, and the three of them had the last five rows of seats to themselves. He grew even more excited. Sitting in the back row in the dark, they were virtually invisible to the professor or anyone else in the unlikely event they glanced up.

He was so nervous, he could feel the red, liquid life-force pulsing in his ears as he slowly, languorously, edged his hand up her thigh. Slowly, under her skirt his fingers crept. Her gasp as his daring fingers touched her panties, made his stomach jump into his throat. She moaned and he paused. Nevertheless, even though he hadn't moved his hand in fifteen seconds, her moans continued. As her moans grew louder, he glanced once more at her pale thighs. His eyes

widened and his jaw dropped when he realized, Devon's dark hand was also under her skirt.

\* \* \* \*

Adam's hand remained stationary, but still the presence of a man's hand so near her feminine core, had a skyrocketing effect on her libido. When the lights went out and the movie started, a second hand — Devon's hand — landed on her other thigh. Though it thrilled her to no end, it was also worrisome. Felicity only wanted one lover, yet two equally desirable young men had their hands within inches of her pussy, which frankly, started heating faster than a chemistry class Bunsen burner. Throwing judgment out the window, she allowed both hands to remain in their intimate location and furthermore, faking discomfort fidgeted and opened her legs more. As a bonus, Devon's and to a lesser extent Adam's hands slid from atop her thigh, more to the side — the inside — of her thigh. She wondered at that moment if she had some subconscious agenda to receive the affections of both men. She'd never denied, she found both men excitingly attractive and she was, after all, only seeking *sex*. At least that what she thought she was after.

As Adam's hand advanced, so did Devon's, though quicker. By the time Adam's fingers touched her crème-logged panties, Devon's finger's had shunted them aside and were at the portal to her womanly lair. With heartbeat and pulse surging, she stopped breathing from the anticipation. When his long thick finger glided effortlessly into her slippery, expanded channel, she gasped and sucked in a huge breath.

Unexpectedly, a second finger slid into her — Adam's. Felicity's eyes had never been larger or rounder. Two separate men had a finger in her deep recess simultaneously. *Why does it seem so sexy?* Each finger was independent of the other and entered her from a different angle. They moved in and out of her differently and when they were inside her they wiggled, massaging the soft, fleshy, interior cushions of her pussy differently. Her back arched violently, pushing her snatch into their intimate, combined fingers as a deluge of carnal sensations slammed through her.

She didn't think it could get any better, but when they undid the knot in her blouse and each took a hard nipple in their warm mouths, she went out of control. Her body hummed, as four months worth of prurient hunger, pent up inside, demanded release. It drove her bonkers. In seconds, what had to be, the most delicious orgasm anyone ever had practically cold cocked her with...well, felicity. Her entire body quaked as her pussy spasmed around their combined fingers, and a wave of intense pulses shattered through her. She moved frantically and erratically as white luminance encompassed her mind, while a painless explosion delivered delirious blissfulness through her.

Unfortunately, Felicity didn't keep her felicity to herself. After mimicking an impromptu impression of Meg Ryan having her mock climax in 'When Harry met Sally,' the threesome made a hasty, but strategic exit through the emergency exit at the top of the aisle as dozens of curious heads spun around.

Outside the lecture hall, they hadn't taken five steps when Adam and Devon yanked on Felicity's arms, dragging her back to the wall where, both frenzied from what happened in the lecture hall, kissed and groped her. They would have fucked her in the hall if she'd let them. Desperately, she pushed them away. Controlling their amorous advances, she asked, "Where are we?"

"Who the fuck cares?" Adam blurted before burying his mouth in the crook of her neck and grabbing her crotch.

She pushed him away again. "Hold on. We're all going to get what we want, but we have to find someplace private to do it."

They backed off, but their hands didn't as their horny fingers returned to the tender area between her legs. "Twisting and fidgeting, she asked again, "Where are we?"

"On the second floor," Devon answered, through lips buried in her neck.

Breathily, she asked, "Where can we go to finish what you've started?"

Adam chuckled, but Devon sheepishly shrugged.

By now, the school was practically deserted. Felicity was getting desperate. Shaking and out of breath she practically begged them. "C'mon guys." She took a breath. "I know my pussy is on your brains, but think," She looked left and right. "Where can we go?"

"How about the woman's locker room?"

*It could be fun*, she thought, but rejected it, "That would be great, but I want to do something now, while I'm hot. Not after a ten minute drive across campus."

Like zombies in a horror movie their wiggling fingers reached for her again. She beat their hands away. "Would you leave me alone until we get somewhere? Pushing past the two of them, she grasped their hands and headed left. "Screw it. Let's find an empty classroom."

## Chapter Three

Can we cut the cake? I have to go to a Three-way. – *Samantha, Sex and the City*

The first two classrooms they tried were locked, but the third was unlocked. Devon swung the door open and invited her in with a gracious backhanded wave of his arm.

From the second Felicity stepped in the classroom Adam and Devon's ardor returned with a vengeance. She turned the lights on and hadn't taken three steps into the room when both men grabbed her arms and spun her around.

For the briefest moment, seeing the hunger in their eyes, the idea how much fun it was being their obsession passed through her mind, and then, all hell broke loose. Devon's lips crushed against hers in a passion so strong she lost her breath. As his tongue breached her mouth, his hard cock pushed into her, while Adam, laving her neck and kneading her breasts, thrust his hardness into her from behind.

She groaned, basking in an erotic haze, willing to do anything with these men as long as it felt good and it all felt good. As each of them assaulted her with their version of pleasure, they also undressed her. In seconds her remaining clothes and boots lay strewn about the room. Standing naked before two big, strong, gorgeous guys, cool air blowing through a partially open widow, her areolas pebbled and her hard nipples jutted out.

As they paused, with their mouths parted, to admire her naked form, she asked, "Should I let my hair down?"

Receiving a curt nod as an answer, she raised her hands, removed the pins and fasteners and fluffed her beautiful, wild looking, long blond hair with her fingers.

Adam cleared the instructor's desk with a swipe of his arm and they lifted her onto it as if she were an injured person in need of treatment. Adam thoughtfully borrowed the cushion from instructor's chair and set it under her head.

They both stood back doing nothing, their eyes fixating on her.

It was as if their gazes had substance. When they scrutinized her body she felt them, caressing her breasts, soothing her abdomen, violating her private areas. She wanted to be violated. She wanted these men to ravish her.

*Become a seductress. Do something blatantly suggestive.*

Cupping and lifting her left breast, she sat up and lowered her open mouth to meet it. As her tongue darted out and swirled around the nipple, she used the

fingers of her hand to flick and twirl around her hard, jutting nipple. Staring at Devon and Adam, her seductive eyes asked, *do you like this?*

\* \* \* \*

Just as Adam thought, this was the Miss. Hyde side of Felicity Jones. The side of her, he instinctively knew resided just below the surface of the demure facade she projected. Enthralled, he blurted out, "Good God, Devon, look at her, have you ever seen anything more titillating?"

Devon responded, "Yeah, Fellie is definitely a turn on. I can't wait to fuck her."

Though her pulse raced, she raised a single eyebrow seductively and spoke in a throaty, sultry voice, "And I can't wait either. Hurry, take off your clothes," she ordered.

They glanced at each other, shrugged and started to undress. Adam pulled his 'I love pussy' tee shirt with an image of a kitten, over his head and discarded it, while Devon did the same with his navy blue athletic department tee shirt.

Her right hand sensually grazed over the swell of her second lovely breast and across her ribs, fingers trailing as it meandered downward toward her beautiful cunt.

With their eyes riveted on her wandering hand, they stared as it languorously and seductively skimmed up the gradual incline of her stomach on its lazy journey toward her nexus.

\* \* \* \*

They were mesmerized by her salacious actions and it reminded her of the control women exercised over men through the years – the equalizing power of sex. She closed her eyes and sighed as she plied long, fingers across the slight vale of her pendant filled navel, over her abdomen, past the modest faerie tattoo on the left side of her loins and paused as her fingers teetered on the rim of her hairless mound. Her nipples tingled and her vagina was so full of feminine lubricant that some began to leak from it. "Do you like what I'm doing?"

Adam exclaimed, "I'm lovin' it, you sexy bitch."

Devon agreed, "Yeah baby. You're going to make me cum before I get my underpants off."

Standing in just their shorts, three feet away, for the first time, Felicity saw and admired the raw maleness she'd imagined was under Adam and Devon's bulging tee shirts. Devon was tall brown and hung, the man's body was godlike. Thin waist, tight ass, broad chest, rounded pecs, washboard abs and a moderate amount of body hair. Adam was similarly endowed, but light skinned with almost no body hair.

Adam and Devon stood about three feet away, now, fully naked. Their cocks were good sized and with the help of their fists, growing. As Adam and Devon respectively stroked their cocks, the fingers of her hand rubbed her cleft and dipped into her well. Watching them jack off as they watched her masturbate turned her on every bit as much as her self stimulation.

They seemed rapt watching her erotic show. Moaning, she closed her eyes, and pictured those big hard dicks pounding her pussy and mouth, just as Adam had suggested in the lecture hall. She opened her eyes and smiled as she noticed their gazes centered between her legs. As her middle finger hilted deep into her slit, she gasped. Dramatically, she pulled her finger out and with a touch of élan, she slipped it between her lips.

With her eyes twinkling, she cooed in her most seductive, sultry voice, "Mm-m-m, I like it. Would you guys like a taste?"

She didn't have to ask twice as both of them, with their hands around their cocks, shuffled up to her for a taste of her nectar.

With both men standing inches from her she straightened up, looked them over and licked her lips. Oh yeah, she wanted them. She dipped the middle and forefinger from her right hand into her honey pot, then withdrew them. They glistened in the light, revealing a wet coating of Felicity's vaginal crème. She raised the fingers and slipped them between Devon's waiting lips. With her fingers still in Devon's mouth, she repeated the procedure for Adam, using her other hand. When she retracted her fingers, Adam pleaded, "more."

The corners of her mouth curled into a coy smile. "I will, but first I want a closer look at your sweet looking shafts." When she bent down to scrutinize their cocks, each of them grabbed a breast and kneaded it. After close examination, she giggled and said. "Oh, those are beautiful." She winked. "In an ugly sort of way."

They laughed. However, the second she grabbed each of them they stopped and gasped. "Ooh, they're so big. Let's see what they taste like."

Devon sighed as her mouth inched toward his bold cock. Starting at the base, her tongue languidly laved the underside of his magnificent specimen to the head, drawing a moan as she went. "Mmmm, it's a big one." Opening her mouth as wide as possible, she wrapped her lips around his shaft and absorbed it, until she felt like she might gag.

She pulled away, looked up and smiled at Adam. "Your turn. Repeating what she'd done to Devon, she opened wide, wrapped her lips around it and lowered her mouth around his cock until it became uncomfortable.

Pulling away and straightening up she decided they were almost the same size—large, but not porn star big. She stared at Adam. "You still want more of my honey?"

"Do I? Is the pope Catholic?"

She glanced at Devon. "What about you?"

"I'll take all you got."

Devon and Adam watched wide eyed as she lifted her feet up to the desk, resting them about four feet apart, spreading her legs wide. Then she leaned back on her elbows and said, "I'll bet you boys could do a much better job of this than me."

Adam blurted, "Me first."

But she stopped him by quickly sticking her hands over her vagina. "No. I want you to both put your fingers in me, like you did in the lecture hall."

Devon frowned. "At the same time?"

"Ah-huh. You made me come that way and I want you to do it again and while you're at it you can take turns licking my happy button."

"Happy button?" asked Adam.

"My clit. It makes me happy when someone touches it, even me."

Devon laughed. "It'll make me happy too, when I lick it."

Felicity giggled. "I can't wait."

Rapidly, they both knelt between her legs.

Anticipating the sensual delights they foretold, she gulped.

Because what they'd done was spontaneous, they weren't exactly sure how to do it again, but experimenting they figured it out.

First Adam then Devon slipped their middle fingers deep into her warm, summery wetness. Felicity sucked in a deep breath when both fingers began to move independently, indeed creating a unique sensation. When Devon's sensuous lips assaulted her sensitive bundle of nerves, pulses of undiluted pleasure rippled through her body. Her loud moan, almost a yell, echoed across the room.

They jointly pulled their fingers out licked their fingers clean and after a few seconds pushed them inside her again for another round of 'let's drive Felicity cuckoo.'

Closing her eyes, she concentrated on the sweet achiness that spread to her erogenous areas. As Devon licked her clit, and they both fingered her pussy, Felicity's own fingers teased her hardened nipples, pinching, flicking and running circles around them. Her body heat soared while Devon and Adam reamed her crème filled opening with their thick fingers. With Devon sucking on her enlarged clit her head thrashed in reaction to the electrifying sensations that flowed through her. Someone had turned her personal thermostat on high and her pussy was turning to liquid fire, ready to be reamed and tongued.

Devon's head rose. "Why don't I just eat your delightful pussy. I could really get into it."

Shaking, she smiled. Barely able to speak, she squeaked out, "So could I?"

Adam's brows dipped. "What about me?"

Still speaking shakily she mumbled, between breaths. "You can...suck on my nipples...and kiss me."

That invitation appealed to Adam since he could make up for the missed opportunity in the lecture hall. Adam jumped up and soon his lips increased her

excitement by snatching onto her nipple, while his fingers lightly danced across the other one.

She sighed. The combination of Devon's tongue reaming her pussy and Adam's mouth sucking her nipples, started tingly sensations of carnal pleasure to surge through her body. "Oh yes, Devon, that feels so-o good." Weaving her fingers through Adam's thick curls, her fingers pressed his lips firmer to her breast. "You too, Adam. I'm loving it."

Alternating between her nubs, making sure he tasted both nipples, he periodically rose and swabbed her mouth with his tongue before returning, warming her moist cooling nipples with his mouth.

The heat stifled her. Her heart beat with loud thuds, her skin tingled with electricity and they'd barely started. Icy shivers shot through her when, for the first time, what she was doing—having sex with two men—really sunk in. She was having a ménage à trois!

It excited her and a sinful smile formed. *It's going to be a long memorable afternoon.*

Though she felt overwhelmed in the erotic haze of hands, lips, tongues and writhing, slick friction...she loved the passion she felt and received. This was the way sex should be, intense, constant, erotic with multiple stimulation. She wondered, now that she found it, could she be satisfied with monotonous, monogamous sex, again?

The onslaught of erotic titillation pressed her libido to the limit. The accumulation of conflicting senses—hot, cold, wet, dry, hard, soft, smooth, rough, slick, coarse, tender, violent, black, white, short circuited her mind. Nevertheless, she thrived in the frenetic sexual environment she found herself in.

The sweet torture, they delivered seemed endless and pushed her to the brink of orgasm. Release was near and she welcomed it. Waves of tingly pleasure came over her, slowly infiltrating her body and then *zowwee!* She went berserk, screaming, "Oh, my God. I'm coming. Jesus, it's a *fucki-i-ng* eight point earthquake." She thrashed back and forth, out of control. Her hands slid into their scalps, digging her sharp finger nails through Devon's short ethnic hair and curling her pointed fingers around Adam's locks.

Snaking her legs around Devon's head, her ankles crossed below his neck and pulled his mouth firmer into her saucy snatch. It was a wonder he didn't get whiplash with her squeezing his head between her thighs in a sexual pussy lock as she rocked back and forth squealing her pleasure.

Once the pleasure shudders passed, Felicity's euphoric fog lifted. The achy hunger between her thighs told her she wanted more—something long and hard. Conveniently, two virile men with engorged cocks in hand stood waiting between her legs. With a devilish smile on his lips, Devon placed his long swarthy cock at the brim of her recess. "My turn. Are you ready for me, Fellie?"

She could feel his cock, primed and ready to attack, at the entrance of her womanly lair. She wanted him all right – she wanted as much as both of them could give her.

“You bet. Throw a raincoat on it and slide that mother in.” she said. When Adam frowned, she quickly added, “I’m ready for both of you. I want to feel both of your cocks inside me. I want you to alternate fucking me. Starting with Devon.”

“What do I do, in the meantime?” bleated Adam.

“Drive me out of my mind with your mouth. Kiss me and suck my nipples.”

“All right, but I’m not going to wait forever.”

As Adam edged away to do as she had asked, Devon removed the foil wrapping and held the prophylactic up. “Would you like to put it on, fairlady?

She sat up and smiled. “Sure. It’ll give another look at your pride.”

He handed the condom to her, but instead of putting it on, she wrapped her hand around his cock and studied it. “Pretty good sized. Are you sure it’ll fit? After all it barely fit in my mouth.”

She tensed as he pushed three fingers into her. “It should fit now that my tongue reamed your delicious pussy.”

She laughed and rolled the sheath down his shaft. “That you did and I still feel aftershocks.”

With latex barrier in place, she reclined and spread her legs waiting for Devon to ‘slide that mother in.’

Devon inched his length into her slippery channel and it stretched her like she knew he would, she shuddered and inhaled sharply, when the full eight inches of pure satisfaction hilted deep inside of her core. *Oh yes!*

## Chapter Four

"Having sex while driving can be hazardous to your health."

- Dee Dawning

Devon had to shake his head. He had trouble believing the good fortune that befell him and Adam today. He'd wondered and worried whether he'd ever see this beautiful creature again and now, his hard cock did the tango with Felicity Jones' smooth, succulent pussy – the finest piece of tail in State U. She wanted Adam too, but right now, he was the one who had his black cock in her sweet cunt.

He couldn't take his eyes from her body – so beautiful, so perfect.

She stared at him glassy eyed and moaned. He moved inside, stroking her slowly. He savored the feeling of her warm wet pussy wrapping around his sensitive organ. It was like no other feeling in the world. It felt right at home and he got the feeling each time it pulled out when her pussy sucked on his cock. It was as if her pussy said, "no don't leave yet," and when he shoved back in, the pussy said, "ahhh...thank you," and she seconded it with a moan. She was right, he was a tight fit and he needed to let her get used to him, before getting into a heavy rhythm, pounding her juicy recess.

Adam had sidled up to her, his fingers teasing her nipples. She grabbed and slowly stroked him and said, "You're next, sweetheart."

He nodded and Devon thought. *You may be next, but I'm right now*, and he shoved himself into her, hard.

She gasped and screeched, "Oh, God. Don't stop Devon. You feel fantastic."

When she said that he decided she'd had enough tenderness. That she was now ready for all of him, all of the time. A whimper emerged from deep in her chest as his tempo sped up. Her hips rose and she pushed herself into him, meeting each powerful thrust with one of her own.

Felicity eased to the side of the desk. She wanted Adam's cock. Squeezing his dick, Adam sucked in a deep breath and rose up stiffly, leaving her nipple to his fingers. Her tongue swirled over the length of his staff. After making her way up, she worked the small grove at the tip with her tongue while she stroked him with her hands and then she wrapped her red lips around Adam's stiff member. Thrusting her mouth down around his nice sized lollypop for the first time, he exclaimed, "Oh fuck! She's doing it! Just like I dreamed. Oh yeah, that's it, baby!"

Devon admired her sexuality. He really had no idea. She could have been a virgin as far as he knew, but now he knew – she was a hellcat. Watching her suck

off his friend, increased Devon's excitement. He felt on the verge of climaxing so he slowed down. He laughed. "You were right bro. You pound her tonsils and I slam her sweet cunt!"

Adam laughed, too. "Is her cunt as good as I told you it'd be?"

"Better, bro. much better." He reached his hand up and with both of them having their cocks buried in Felicity, they high fived.

"Ha ha-a-a!" Adam chortled. "I'm glad you're loving it Dev, just don't wear out that sweet pussy before I get my turn."

\* \* \* \*

After taking Adam's cock out of her mouth, Felicity's lips pursed in mock disgust. "Don't worry, you poor boy. You'll get your turn. I want to feel you both in me multiple ways before we're through."

Each wondrous thrust sent spasms of lustful heat rifling through her slender frame. She kept closing her eyes to better concentrate and enjoy the overpowering carnal sensations that threaded through her frazzled nerves. She loved the feel of two cocks, Adam's hefty cock in her mouth and Devon's in her crème filled pussy. With every thrust, Devon's groin caressed her clit in a sensual embrace, sending pleasure threads through her body.

While reveling in the exquisite sensations Devon's cock produced in her pussy, Felicity sucked Adam's cock in earnest. Moving her hand in concert with the movement of her mouth, running her tongue around the ridge at the top of the cock, Adam's breathing and groaning grew louder and more incessant.

The three of them seemed to play a symphony of passion, lusty moans and groans, interspersed with lyrics like "Oh yeah," "So sweet," and "God I love it." A fire had been set inside her, stoked by two handsome men and she tasted both of them. Adam's groin matched every thrust of Felicity's mouth and hand, with a thrust of its own.

Soon, too soon, his panting accompanied by pleasurable groans, alerted her to an oncoming change and she squeezed his testicles firmly. That seemed to bring his excitement to the pinnacle and within seconds his eyes glazed over and a sensory curtain seemed to descend on him. Suddenly, Adam's breathing turned into a staccato of short breaths and his movement became frenetic. "Oh my God, I'm coming. Don't stop baby." For better or worse, she was rewarded with a mouthful of Adam's gravy textured spunk as an eruption of creamy white semen gushed into Felicity's mouth. While Devon continued stroking her, she could do nothing but swallow Adam's thick fluid.

Temporarily free of Adam, she sat up and wrapped her arms around Devon as he fucked her and rested the side of her head on his muscular chest. Adam eased up to her and ran smooth fingers across her back and ass. Tilting her head downward so her lips and tongue could dance circles around Devon's hard

nipple, she felt the pounding of his racing heartbeat slamming against his chest wall.

\* \* \* \*

With Adam climaxing, Felicity moved to concentrate on Devon. When this sexy woman/child took his nub between her teeth lightly and shook her head, the sensations that coursed through him made climax seem imminent.

However, Adam surprised them when wrapped his arms around both of them, snuggling his face into Felicity's neck. His moist tongue, tracing the curve of her ear seemed to cause her to stiffen. Suddenly, she cried out, "That's it baby! That's it, fuck me hard...harder! Oh, Jesus, baby, I'm cuming! Oh fuck, Devon, it's fantastic! Thank you baby." She kissed his chest and neck fervently a half dozen times and repeated, "Thank you."

Experiencing seizure-like convulsions, she began grabbing, pinching and biting, like the hellcat she was. He felt pain – welcome, sensual, erotic, pain. His ass burned as her long nailed fingers dug in. *Surely, my buttocks must be scratched to bleeding.* Then a searing pain centered in his chest. *A heart attack?* Felicity had clamped her teeth down on his nipple again – only harder. Her spasms, and screaming affected him. A tickly, feathery feeling pervaded his testicles. Tingly sensations enveloped him that inexorably built up and signaled the beginning of, a massive orgasmic experience. "Oooh, oh! I'm gonna to cum, too."

But Felicity wasn't listening. She took all eight inches of him as she violently crushed her saucy snatch into his pubic bone. Her movements growing more and more frantic and spasmodic. *My God, she was climaxing again!* They climaxed together. They kissed in a wild battle of opposing tongues. Each seeking dominance of the other.

When they'd quieted, Devon's tag team partner tapped him on the shoulder and said, "May I cut in?"

Felicity must have found that funny because she laughed so hard, her fabulous breasts danced up and down. "This is unbelievably sexy, one gorgeous man turning my ravenous pussy over to another equally dashing man."

## Chapter Five

"I wrote the story myself. It's about a girl who lost her reputation and never missed it." – Mae West

Devon smiled and patted him on the back. "Go to it tiger," as he pulled out and stepped away from their common dream girl. "Watch it, she's a hellcat."

Adam flashed a silly grin. "Suddenly, I'm into hellcats."

Still giggling, she glanced down and made sure Adam wore a condom.

"How would you like to do this?"

"About a hundred different ways, but I'd like to start with you kneeling on top of me." His grin turned sinful. "With your bod, I gotta watch this. I'll bet Devon would like to watch, too."

"You know it, brother."

His grin turned wicked. "See."

"All right, but not on the desk." She walked over to the corner behind the desk and picked up a rolled sleeping bag. "We'll roll this out on the floor and you can lay on it, while I straddle you."

"Devon had a surprised look on his face. He was sure he did, too. "Why not put it on the desk?"

What a sight she was. Naked as the day she was born, but a whole lot sexier, leaning to her left, feet parted, the knuckles of her hand resting on her hip and her beautiful face cocked in the same direction. "Because, while you're diddling me, I want see how Devon's cock tastes and though he's tall he's not that tall."

That got Devon's attention. "You heard the lady. Gimmie the damned sleeping bag. I'll roll it out." With the sleeping bag spread out on the floor, he directed Adam, "Lay down and enjoy the best piece of ass you will ever have."

Adam lay down and Felicity lowered to her knees, lifted a leg over him and straddled his thighs. Her pussy rested about where his balls were and Adam expected her to lower herself upon it. Instead she did something almost as good – she warmed up, by rubbing her expanded 'happy button' up and down the length of his shaft.

Finally, she rose up and inserted him into her womanly haven. She gasped as she lowered herself upon him. She stiffened and her pussy tightened around him. Then slowly, he felt her open and a welcoming wet warmth engulfed his penile incursion.

His heart sped so fast he thought he might have a heart attack. She rose up until his cock nearly popped out, preparing for a second plunge. Impaling herself once more, she gasped again.

"How does it feel?"

"F-u-l-l!"

She jammed it in twice more.

"Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Can you rub my nipples?"

"Of course."

With pleasure, his hands rose to her perfect breasts so his fingers could fondle her nipples. Finally, she was able ride him, up and down, to and fro with ease.

She looked at Dev and wagged a finger for him to come to her. "Come here baby. Let me taste your warm fudgesicle before it melts. "

Devon edged over to her and Adam watched her suck and lick his cock, pumping him faster and faster. When her long elegant fingers moved over the inside of Devon's legs to cup his balls, Adam just about came. His breath was ragged and uneven, and his hands grabbed and squeezed her fine ass.

As Devon pushed his dick further into her mouth, He seemed to get agitated and his fingers clenched her long blond tresses. With each deep thrust of her mouth Devon thrust back on her oral down strokes. Adam heard moaning then groaning, then Devon cried, "Look out baby, I'm about to blow the back of your head off."

Moving convulsively, his large hands held her head steady. Lying beneath them, Adam could see Devon's cock pulsating, obviously ejaculating copious amounts of hot thick milk into Felicity's awaiting mouth. This time a portion of cum escaped her mouth and trailed down the side of her chin. Her hand wiped the semen away as she swallowed her burden, and tears formed in her eyes.

Devon seemed concerned. "Sorry, baby."

She smiled. "Did you like it?"

"Loved it." He bent down and kissed her.

"That's all that matters, then."

Devon settled in behind Felicity, straddling Adam and looping his hands around to her breasts. As his hands kneaded her breasts, she moved to and fro on Adams hefty cock, her eyes closed and she moaned her enjoyment. She leaned back into Devon, wrapping an arm around his head as he peppered her neck with wet kisses.

Like a sex obsessed belly dancer, Felicity's sexy midriff undulated for Adam, who drank in every erotic movement. He couldn't believe how consumed he was with her. Her pussy fit him like a glove – a warm slippery glove. He could tell from the way his cock slid in so easily and the way she squirmed and moaned, she was primed and so was he – ready for the promised land.

She fucked him in a steady rhythm, stroking him and grinding her clit into his pubis. Her slit became so juiced up that it seemed wetter than the campus fountain. Then, just as the door opened, Felicity in the middle of spasmodic erratic movements, screamed her release from her fourth orgasm. "Oh fuck, I'm coming," and her substantial gyrations seemed to cause Adam to climax, too.

The stirrings of a climax he felt blossomed into a stupefying orgasm. His entire body quaked, as her pussy spasmed around his oversized cock. Wave after wave of intense currents careened through him. "Oh, God, baby," he yelled, as blood simmered beneath his skin. They were both coming but she continued thrusting down through the waves of their orgasms.

Their euphoria was short lived. "What going on here?"

They glanced up and a diminutive Asian custodian had pushed his cart into the classroom.

With an arm across her breasts Felicity reached out stretching as far as she could to bring the closest item of clothing—her pink panties—into reach. Devon, noticing she was scrambling to get decent, reached behind him and managed to retrieve her skirt and sweater. Adam handed her blouse to her.

Adam addressed the dour looking custodian, "Hey man, we were just having a little fun."

"Fun? This classroom, not frat house. Suggest get out before I report."

Felicity, half way dressed, stood up. "We're sorry. We got carried away. If you could go back into the hall for a couple of minutes, we'll get dressed and get out of your hair."

He stared at her for a half minute and said, "Two minutes. I have daughter like you. Not good. Shame."

He swung the cart around and left. They retrieved their clothes and got dressed in one minute. Walking out, they nodded and he nodded, but no one spoke.

## Chapter Six

"Sex is like chocolate. The more you have the more you want.

– *Dee Dawning*

When they got outside, they broke up, laughing. Adam noted, "The guy had no sense of humor."

Devon nodded. "Yeah, he was a grouch. You'd think he'd appreciate a little break from his usual boring routine."

Adam and Devon both nodding agreement, said, "Yeah." Then they looked at Felicity, who hadn't commented.

She looked at one and then the other and said, "That made me hungry, is anyone hungry?"

Once she brought it up everyone realized they hadn't eaten all day.

Adam nodded. "Yeah, I am."

Devon put an arm around Felicity. "Me too. Baby you tasted better than ambrosia, but let's face it." He rubbed his tummy. "You weren't very filling."

She blushed, but fired back, "And neither were you two."

They looked at each other and laughed.

When Felicity stopped laughing she asked, "Is there a good place to eat around here?"

Devon wrapped an arm around Felicity. "If you don't mind a greasy spoon, there's a place not too far that Adam and I go to quite a bit called Fat Franks Café."

She rolled her eyes, but said, "Mmm, sounds delicious. Where's it?"

Adam informed her, "It's on the corner of College and Canal."

"All right, I'll meet you there on one condition."

"What?" Devon beat Adam in asking.

"Since I had four big Os and you only had two, it's my treat." She laughed, but before they could answer, Felicity waved and headed to the only other car in the parking lot. A red BMW Z4.

Adam shook his head. "I just knew she'd drive a red sports car."

Fat Frank's Cafe wasn't very full so they sat in the lone corner booth and they all sidled in close to each other.

Felicity opened a menu. "What's good?"

Just then, Madge, an African American waitress with a smile, showed up and set three glasses of water down. "It's all good, dear. Right Devon?"

He shrugged. "All I've had are the burgers or the French dip and fries, and they're both good."

"Well, that's half the menu – twenty different ways to make a hamburger." She laughed. She looked at Felicity. "I can tell by looking at you, you're too sweet for these two. Does your mom know you're out with bad boys?"

For once, Felicity, who had just fucked these two bad boys silly, was at a loss for words.

Devon spoke up, though. "C'mon Madge, why you wanna say crap like that?"

She laughed and reached out and pulled Devon close to her. "Just bustin' your chops, Devon. You know we love ya around here. Now, Blondie, what can I get you to drink?"

Resting her elbows on the table, Felicity leaned forward to better see the rail thin waitress. "I'll have pink lemonade. It isn't too sweet is it?"

Madge pursed her lips. "Not as sweet as you, sugar, but it is a tad sweet."

"Oh, I better get iced tea then."

She nodded. "Iced tea for the lady. Coke for you and Adam, Devon?"

Devon was sprawled with his arm across the back of the booth. "Sure, the usual to eat, too."

She scribbled in her pad. "Liver and onions."

Devon's head snapped left. "What?"

She flashed a knowing smile. "I said, cheeseburger and fries. How about you princess?"

She rested her chin on her joined hands. "Hmm, I don't suppose you have a Greek salad?"

She shrugged. "Our cook is fairly creative. You wanna give him a try?"

"No, I'm too hungry to experiment. I'll have a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich and fruit cup instead of fries."

She wrote that down. "Sure thing, sweetie." Her gaze lifted to Adam. "Adam?"

"I'll have the French dip."

"Coming up." She grabbed the menus and headed behind the counter to the order shelf to place the order.

Felicity glanced at each of her handsome parmours. "She was pretty friendly."

Adam chuckled. "Yeah, more than usual."

She smiled. "Must be looking for a big tip."

Devon squeezed her arm. "It was you babe. Word is she likes girls and you're one hot looking girl."

Felicity blushed.

They both laughed.

Adam kissed her cheek. "Think of it as a compliment. You not only drive half the boys batty. A lot of girls dig you too."

She laughed aloud almost hysterically. "In case you guys didn't notice this afternoon, girls don't interest me much, though I'll admit to admiring a beautiful woman, when I see one."

"There is no woman more beautiful than you."

She turned to Adam. "Why thank you. What a nice compliment." She kissed him on the cheek.

Devon smiled. "He's right you know. You are a perfect ten."

She smiled and kissed him too. "All the fighting we've done over the last semester and you turn out to be sweet guys."

Adam leaned back against the backrest of the booth and studied her as she primped her hair and sipped her iced tea. He marveled at his good fortune. He knew this was the woman for him.

*But what about Devon?*

*Ah! A college indiscretion.*

*For him or her?*

Both. Devon wanted to fuck her and she probably wanted to fuck him, but I'm the one that wants her for the long haul.

*And he doesn't?*

I don't think so.

*Are you sure?*

Yeah, I think so. He's black. He probably wants a black woman in his life.

*Not necessarily, there are hundreds of thousands of black and white relationships, these days.*

If he wants her too, that's all right as long as I'm not cut out.

*And what about her? What does she want? Maybe you two were nothing more than an afternoon dalliance. Another notch in her headboard.*

Don't say that. Don't fucking say that.

Someone shook him. "Adam!" His eyes focused and he saw a vision of beauty – Felicity. "Wake up Adam. Madge is talking to you."

"Here's your French Dip, cutie. You need more coke?" Adam shook his head to wake from his reverie.

"And this is for Miss America." She set down Felicity's BLT, a cup of fruit and something else.

Her hands raised as if she dared not touch the unordered custard cup. "What's this? I didn't order this."

"I know, it's Crème Brûlée. Frank rustles it up once a week. It goes like hot cakes. He took one look at you, fell in love and insisted I give you a complimentary cup."

Felicity looked past Madge to the cook's station and saw an older, portly man smiling and waving a hand. She smiled at him, but it was the oddity of the

situation that prompted her smile. She picked up the cup and dipped her head in appreciation.

Madge put her hand to her mouth and spoke *sotto voce* as if he could hear thirty feet away, "I know it's fattening, but just taste it. It'll make him happy. It *is* heavenly – as good as sex." Her eyes raised up, then she corrected herself. "Almost."

Even though she hadn't touched her BLT yet, Felicity took her spoon and dipped it into the gourmet dessert. A sugary shell covered the pudding like substance. She slipped the spoon through the shell and dipped it about a quarter of the way in and scooped out a small portion of the velvety, brown and yellowish concoction and slid the spoon into her mouth. "Mmm." It tasted divine. She dipped the spoon again and scooped out a half a spoons worth. Closing her eyes, she savored it. "Mmmm." It was fantastic. Almost as good as sex.

She dipped the spoon in and lifted it to Adam's mouth. "You have to taste this. It's delicious." As Adam opened his mouth, Felicity said to Madge, "Tell Frank it is heavenly and thank him."

Madge smiled and as she walked away. Adam said, "Mmm, that is delicious."

She shoved a spoonful in Devon's mouth and he savored it. "Mmm, tasty I can see why it goes fast." He leaned over and placed a wet sloppy kiss on her cheek.

She turned toward him and gave him a strange look.

He chuckled, then whispered, "That is the second batch of tasty crème I ate today."

She elbowed him, but smiled. "You are evil."

## Epilogue

"It's not the men in my life that count, it's the life in my men." – *Mae West*

After everyone devoured the Crème Brûlée, including me, we all finished our sandwiches. That's when the most wonderful day in my and probably their life devolved into the worse night of my life.

It all started when Adam innocently asked me, "What's next?"

"Well, I'm all packed up and when I leave here I'm driving to Riverton to spend the semester break with my parents and sister."

Adam's eyebrows furrowed and he rephrased his question. "No, I meant what's next for us? You and me."

"Hey bro. Don't you mean the three of us?"

He glanced at Devon and nodded. "I mean the three of us. Sorry Dev. I thought you might consider this a fling. A one time thing."

I probably misspoke here, but I was confused. We all got hot and bothered and we fucked. "But isn't that what it was. A fling, a tryst, a dalliance, a liaison, a ménage à trois, all of the above. I let you guys turn me on and we acted on it, together. It was spectacular – fireworks in January, a trip to Venus and back. I have never experienced anything like it in my life and I doubt more than a hundredth of one percent of all of humanity – one in ten thousand, has. But it was just sex, nothing more. In fact, until today, I don't remember ever hearing a kind word out of Adam."

"That was my fault and I'm sorry. From the first time I saw you I was so smitten, it sounds silly, but I just did it. I have no idea why. Maybe I thought you were so far above me, cutting you and calling you names would bring you down to my level."

"See, we have nothing going, but our attraction for each other. That's a lot, but it's not enough to build a relationship on."

Devon shook his head. "I disagree. Attraction and great sex are the foundation on which all great relationships are built. I don't understand, you say you visited Venus and saw fireworks in January and you don't want to do it again. That doesn't make sense."

"I would want to do it again, just to see if it was a fluke. And if it wasn't maybe it would lead to something enduring, but threesomes are not exactly in vogue."

Devon laid his large hand over mine. "Polyamorous relationships are not common, but they are around. People don't advertise them for obvious reasons.

Even if you didn't want a long term relationship, why wouldn't you do it again, just for the wonder of it?"

"I would. Believe me I would. I wish that grumpy old man hadn't interrupted us and we'd still be doing it. I loved what we did, but I shouldn't have done it. You see, I'm engaged."

\* \* \* \*

*No, no, no, a thousands times no. Say it's a joke. Please say it isn't so. My baby married to someone else.* I was stunned. It felt like someone stuck a knife in my heart. My heart actually stopped beating. I couldn't breath. I thought I'd die and then the crying came. I'll never live it down, I wept and blubbered like a heartbroken teenage girl.

\* \* \* \*

I'll never forget the dreadful look on Adam's face. His mouth fell open, his squinty eyes saucered and he looked like he'd been shot. He grabbed his chest and started to cry. Really cry. He sobbed. It was awful.

Devon grabbed my arm. "Fellie, you have to move. I have to get him out of here." He slid out and waited for me to exit so he could help Adam out.

I reached in my pocketbook, threw a fifty on table and slid out.

He got back in the booth on his knees and helped pull Adam out. "Come on my white brother, let's go. Don't worry, it ain't over yet."

"Thankfully, Adam had regained a little control over his emotions. As Devon led Adam trancelike to the door, he half yelled, "Felicity, I love you."

I sat down and scribbled a note as fast as I could. A couple of my own tears fell on the note. As I rose, I noticed everyone, patrons and employees watched me. I dipped my head, smiled, said thanks for everything and high tailed it out of there.

It had started raining while we were in the café. *Could anything else go wrong?* At least it hid *my* tears.

Just after Devon put Adam in the car and closed the passenger door, I intercepted him on the way to the driver's side. "Here." I handed him the note I'd written, "It's my cell phone number and email address. I want you to keep me informed on how Adam is doing. I'm not sure, but I have a feeling my engagement is unraveling. Officially, I'm still engaged though. I was going to spend the two weeks at my parents, but I changed my mind. I cheated on my fiancé once so what's the big deal if I cheat on him again. If I'm going to break it off with Everett I want to make sure what happened today was real.

"Assuming you and Adam are up to it, I want to meet you at side entrance to the woman's locker room at noon, a week from today."

We were getting wet. He opened the door and started to get in, but I stopped him with a squeeze of his arm. "Kiss me."

He smiled and gave me a passion filled kiss to die for. Before he got in the car he said, "I want you to know that no matter what happens, I will remember today and you for as long as I live." He jumped in the car, started it, turned on the windshield wipers and saluted as he drove off. My gaze followed him until his taillights were out of sight, then I took the lonely stroll to my car.

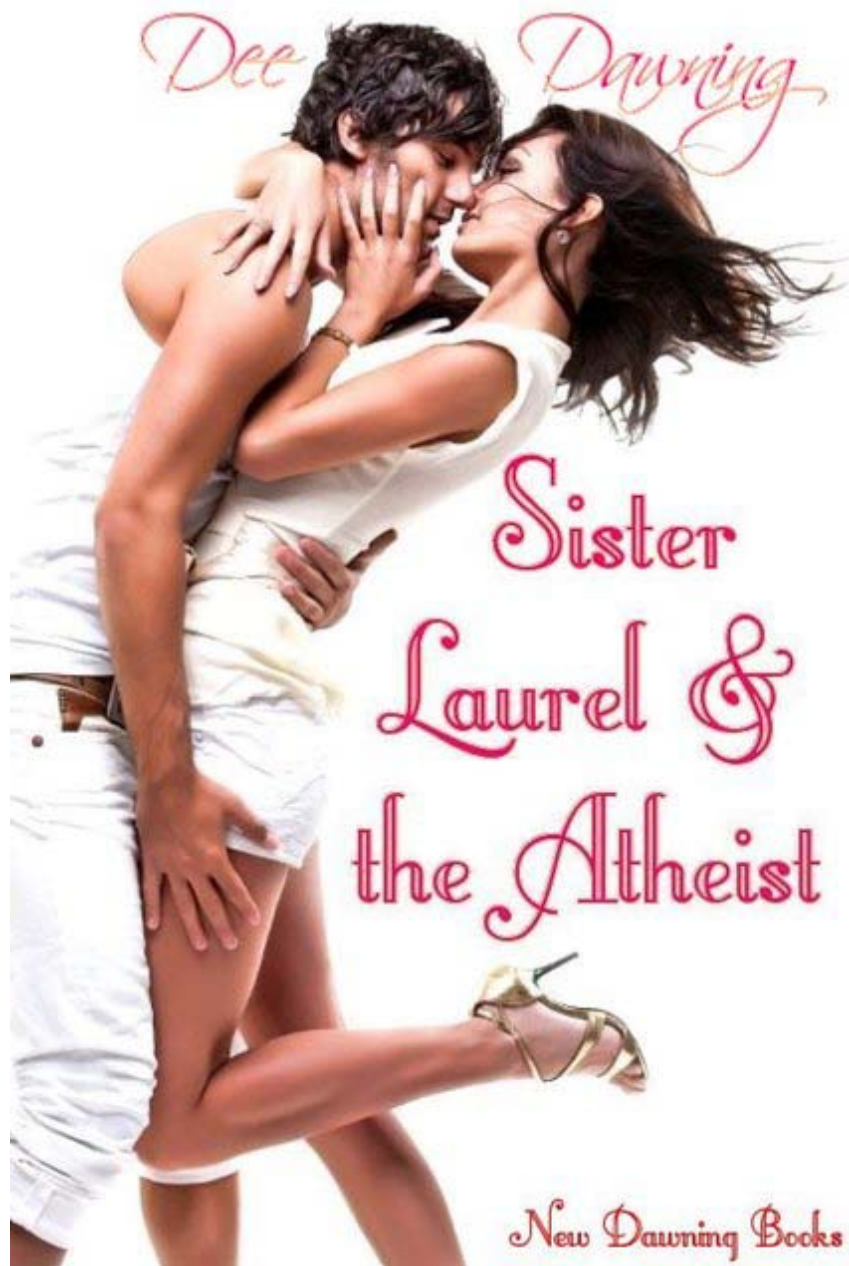
Looking back, I probably gave them both, but especially Adam, hopes, even expectations of a commitment, then yanked it away.

Do I love Everette? Do I love Adam? Do I love Devon? I have a lot of thinking to do.

## **The End**

To be continued in Felicity Jones - Rendezvous

You may enjoy other works by Dee Dawning



## **Sister Laurel & the Atheist**

Wildly attracted to each other, can a beautiful, shy sister and a devilishly handsome atheist fall in love and find happiness despite their differences?

It was love at first sight. That's what the lovely, shy Sister in Waiting Laurel, and the devilishly, handsome Julian Peters both agree. But is their overpowering love and attraction enough to allow this unlikely couple to overcome the obvious societal obstacles plus the differences between their own core beliefs to make a life together?

Sister Laurel & the Atheist is a cute, humorous and oh, so, romantic story.



Dee Dawning

GOLDEN NUGGET

*Love & Seduction*  
**IN LAS VEGAS**

BookStrand

## Blurb

Thrust into her life one night by peculiar circumstances, Loretta Bishop, seventeen years Bobby's senior, has been tasked with taking the shy, modest pretty boy under her wing and turning him into a lady's man. Free spirited and sexually adventurous, Loretta is eminently qualified to teach him the elements of pursuit, seduction, and how to please women.

At first, being with Bobby seems like a dream, but clouds begin to gather from Loretta's spotty and sometime sordid past. Feeling guilt after Bobby asks to marry her, Loretta is no longer able to continue and runs away.

Now, it's up to Bobby to put the methods Loretta has taught him to practical use. Will he succeed and parlay his new talents into love, wealth, and power?



## Blurb

A rising star in the modeling and acting fields, Mallory Robbins, is captivated by Drew Stevens, the most beautiful man she has ever seen after he helps her out of an embarrassing entanglement with a drunken, would-be suitor. Her attraction for Drew is so great that she uncharacteristically spends that night joyously and blissfully making love with her newfound dream lover—only to be later kidnapped, along with Drew and whisked to some unknown location.

The next morning, Mallory awakes having no memory of her whereabouts or the events leading to her being there. Enduring a severe headache, she becomes absolutely terrified when she catches a glimpse of herself in a dresser mirror wearing the authentic coverings, including a veil, of a devout Muslim woman. Things become even more confusing when a young woman, also dressed in traditional Arab garments, visits Mallory and informs her that she has been brought there to become Saudi Prince Ali's fourth wife. *WHAT IS GOING ON?*

Thus begins a bizarre and sensuous odyssey, in which Mallory is scheduled to marry a Saudi Prince and Drew is in danger of being beheaded for soiling the Prince's fiancé.

**The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.**

**Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.**

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters in this work are eighteen or older.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher, New Dawning International Bookfair.

Felicity Jones  
Copyright © 2010 Dee Dawning  
Cover art by Dee Dawning  
All rights reserved.